

feeling very much to being hurried. So it was that, in spite of the pressing need for immediate flight, we were still in London.

The dangerous delay made me nervous, excited and ill-tempered. This state of mind was not without benefit to our cause, as my manner as well as my looks fully convinced my mother that my own health was the sole object of the journey. So, like a good creature, she set to work in thorough earnest to get everything ready for our departure.

"To-morrow morning we were to start. I prayed Heaven that it might not be too late; that the next twenty-four hours might pass without what I dreaded taking place. For I knew that by now that ghastly object on the roadside must be lying with the light of day on its pale face!"

With an effort I opened the morning's paper, and ran hastily up and down the columns. What cared I for politics, foreign news, or money-market intelligence! Here was the one paragraph which riveted all my attention. The white tomb had given up its secret! Read! To me those words were written in letters of fire!

"HORRIBLE DISCOVERY NEAR RODING.—The melting of the snow has brought to light what till now appeared as a fearful crime. Yesterday afternoon a laborer walking on the highway discovered the body of a gentleman lying by the roadside. His death had been caused by a fatal shot. It is supposed that it must have occurred on the night of the great snow storm, and that the body has lain ever since under the snow, which had drifted to the depth of some feet. The facts that death must have been instantaneous, and that no weapon can be found near the spot, do away with the theory of suicide. Letters and papers found on the corpse tend to show it to be that of Sir Mervyn Ferrand, Bart. The unfortunate gentleman's friends have been communicated with, and the inquest will be opened to-morrow."

For some minutes I sat like one stunned. Inevitably it was that the discovery should be made, the shock seemed scarcely lightened by the foreknowledge; the danger seemed no less terrible. Oh, that we had started yesterday—were even to start to-day! What might not happen before to-morrow morning! My first impulse was to go to my mother and beg her to hasten our departure; but reflection showed me how unwise this course would be. I should alarm her—alarm Philippa! I could give no reason. My one longing was to keep the news from my poor love. Let her read that paragraph, and who could answer for the consequences! Looking as a medical man at her case, I knew that there was something about that night which troubled her; some dream, or semblance of dream, to which, fortunately, she could as yet give no coherence. Let her learn that Sir Mervyn Ferrand had ever since that night been lying dead where she met him, the fearful truth must come to her. Not a word to excite her suspicion. My task was a twofold one. I had to save her not only from what I suppose I must call justice, but also from herself. It seemed to me that the latter was the hardest part of my work; but I would do it—I swore I would do it. I would keep watch and ward, to see that nothing reached her—that she heard nothing which could awaken memories of those mercifully absent hours.

I tore the paper to pieces and burned it. I think of all my dark days that one was the one I would be least willing to pass again. I trembled at every footstep on the stairs. Any man who paused for a moment outside our windows sent a cold chill over me. And in the midst of my misery I had to wear a cheerful face, and talk to Philippa and my mother about the pleasures of our projected journey! Ah! if we only reached the end of it in safety the pleasure would not be altogether imaginary.

Once again I say, if you cannot feel with me, throw my tale aside. Heaven knows it is a sombre one! I was breaking the law; concealing what the law calls a crime; doing all I could to save the criminal. But the criminal was Philippa, and I loved her! I myself would have stood face to face with Sir Mervyn Ferrand, and have freely given my own life if I could have assured his dying like the dog he was. Why then should I blame Philippa, who had done in her temporary madness what I would have done in cold blood! Yet why trouble to extenuate! Loved her! Those words sum up everything.

The morning dawned. No fatal messenger had arrived. I glanced hastily at the papers, which, however, contained no more information about the tragedy. Shortly after ten o'clock we started to drive to Charing Cross. The rattle of wheels over the stones seemed to send fresh life through my veins. We were on the road to safety.



I wished to call at my banker's on the way.

We started in plenty of time, as I wished to call at my banker's on the way. It was my intention to take with me a large sum in gold. Notes of any kind could be traced, but the bright sovereigns would tell no tale. I changed my check, and while doing so asked if there were any letters for me. Several persons addressed letters to me at my banker's. The spruce cashier sent to inquire, and, with my bag of gold, passed under the brass wire railing a letter with a woman's handwriting on the envelope. I thrust it into my pocket, to read at my leisure.

We travelled by the tidal train for Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne. It was not the pleasantest weather in the world for a journey; but I wrapped my charges up warmly, and did all I could to mitigate the hardships of the voyage, undertaken ostensibly for the sake of my health. My mother, who was by now an experienced and seasoned traveller, settled herself down to the journey, although she little guessed how short the rest I meant to give her until we reached our destination. She laughingly protested against the cruelty of dragging an old woman like herself away from England just as she had returned to it; but there was that in her voice and manner which told me she would for my sake make a far greater sacrifice of comfort than this.

I thought Philippa's spirits, like mine, rose as we left London behind us. She smiled at my smiles and feeble attempts at making merry, which, now that we were fairly on our road to safety, were not quite so forced as they had been during the last few days. She listened with interest to the pictures I

beauties of the south; and I was glad to believe that the thought of visiting what might almost be called her native land was beginning to awaken her interest. Only let me be able to show her that life could still promise a pleasant future, and the moody memories of the past months might be banished forever.

I am sure that no one who could have seen us that morning would have dreamed that out of that party of three, consisting of a comfortable, pleasant-looking English matron, a strangely beautiful girl, and myself, who were flying from the hands of justice, there was any suspicion.

"But where are we going?" asked my mother. "Object to go wandering about without knowing where our pilgrimage is to end?"

"We are going to Paris first, then to Spain—to wherever we can find the warmth and sunshine which is necessary to my existence. If we can't find them in Spain, we will cross over to Africa, and, if needful go down to the Equator."

"Then you young people will have to go alone. I draw the line of my good nature at Europe."

I glanced at Philippa. Her long curved lashes hid her eyes, but a tell-tale blush was on her cheek. I knew that the day was not so very distant when she would answer my appeal as I wished. I knew that, could I but sweep away the record of that one night, all might yet be well with her. Oh, that she may never recall what I alone knew!

As we were nearing Folkestone, I remembered the letter which had been given me at the bank. I drew it from my breast, intending to read it; but the sight of the Roding postmark on the outside made me change my intention. I remembered Mrs. Wilson's half promise to send me some communication. I longed and yet I dreaded to break the seal. I felt it would be better for me to read that letter alone. Whatever might be the tenor of its contents, I was sure it had some bearing on Philippa's relations with Sir Mervyn Ferrand.

We were soon on board the steamer and under way. Although the Arctic rigors of the last three weeks had departed, the air on the sea was too keen one. I persuaded my mother and Philippa to take refuge in the saloon, and then I found a quiet spot where I was able to read my letter without fear of interruption or of betraying myself by the emotion its contents might cause. It was well I did so, for the first words blanched my cheek. The letter began abruptly, so:

"I know or guess all. I know why Sir Mervyn Ferrand did not reach my house that night. I know the reason for her strange excited state. I know why she left my house before you came to seek her. I know how he met with the death he deserved."

"Ah! she is braver than I am. She has done what years ago I swore I would do; and yet I had not the courage. I was base enough to forego revenge for the sake of the beggarly maintenance he offered me—for the sake, perhaps, of my children. I sank low enough to become his tool—to do as he bade me, even to taking under my roof the woman who thought herself his wife. Yes, she has been braver than I. But her wrongs were greater than mine, for I had but myself to blame for being in such a deplorable position that he could throw me aside like an old glove. He never married me."

"Fear nothing for your sister, if she be your sister. Tell her my lips are sealed to the death; and for the sake of her brave act tell her this: 'Sir Mervyn Ferrand's first wife died on the 18th of June, 1860, three months before the day on which he married your sister. She died at Liverpool, at No. 5 Silver street. She was buried in the cemetery, under the name of Lucy Ferrand. She has friends alive. It will be easy to prove that she was the woman whom he married. Her maiden name was King. He hated her. They parted. He gave her a sum of money on condition that she never call herself his wife. He lost sight of her; I never did. For years I hoped she would die, and that he would marry me. She died too late for the hope to be realized. I told him of her death, but I changed the date. I would not tell him where she died. Part of his object in coming to Roding that night was to endeavor to wring the information from me. He would never have had it. No other woman should have been his wife so long as I could stop it.'"

"Now that he is dead, you can tell your brave sister that she may, if she likes, take the name, title, and what wealth she can claim. Fear nothing from me; I will be silent as death."

CHAPTER VIII. FLIGHT.

I read the woman's letter again and again—read it with feelings in which joy and disgust were strangely mingled; but the former was the predominant sensation. In the first place, if Mrs. Wilson kept her promise of secrecy, it seemed to me that all danger of suspicion falling upon Philippa was removed. There would be no one else to make known the fact that upon the night of Sir Mervyn's death a wronged, distracted woman left her home—a woman whose life's happiness had been clouded by the villain's treacherous act—a woman of strong passions, who in her temporary delirium might easily be turned to take such vengeance for which I, at least, held her quite unaccountable. If I could but feel sure of the silence of the one person whom I dreaded, we might even return to London, and fear nothing. I wavered. After all there is something contemptible in flight. Should I trust to Mrs. Wilson's promise, and return with my companions by the next boat from Boulogne?

No, a thousand times no! Philippa's welfare is far too precious to me to be trusted in the hands of one excitable woman—a woman, moreover, who has wrongs of her own calling for vengeance. To-morrow her mind may change, and instead of furthering our safety she may be urging on the pursuit. Let me trust no one save myself.

For my love's sake, I was overjoyed to hear that, supposing the woman's statement and date were correct, Philippa was the dead man's lawful wife. Not that this fact for one moment palliated the guilt of his intention, or lessened the contempt and hatred I bore towards him; not that it changed in my eyes by one iota my love's position. Married or unmarried, to me she was all that a woman could be. Though a black-guard's craft had wrought what would be her shame in the eyes of the world; though her hands were unconsciously red with a man's blood, to me she was as pure as a vestal, innocent as a child.

Yet for her sake the news gladdened me. I knew that if ever the time should come when I could place proofs in her hands that she was a wife—that she could, if she chose, bear her worthless husband's name, and face the world without fear of scorn, the restoration of her self-respect would bring with it a joy which only a woman can rightly comprehend. And Philippa, with all her pride and passion, was a true woman, full of the softness and delicate dread of shame which characterizes the best of her sex.

Yet when should I be able to tell her! Whenever I did so I must also reveal the fact of her husband's being dead, and my doing so must bring the whole story of his death to her knowledge. I trembled as I thought what this might mean. Surely its dramatic surroundings must suggest some-

thing to her mind—must bring back the night and its horrors; must, in fact, tell her what she had done in her madness! Rather than risk this I must let her continue to bear the cruel weight of what she thought her shame. My aim must be to make her believe that Sir Mervyn Ferrand is still alive, and troubling nothing as to what has become of the woman whom he once falsely swore to love and cherish until death. I cursed the wretch's memory as I thought of him.

(To be Continued)

S. S. COX'S NEW BOOK.

We are in receipt of the advance sheets of Hon. S. S. Cox's forthcoming book entitled, "Three Decades of Federal Legislation, 1855-1885." Covering as it does the eventful work of Congress for the past thirty years, and giving an inside view of federal legislation during this period, the most important in American history, its issue has been awaited by the American people with great interest.

No period in our history is so full of interest as the times of which Mr. Cox writes. The revolt from English rule and the establishment of our national government was one of the grandest epochs in history. In that period were determined the issues of national independence; in this epoch of even greater magnitude, the issue of national existence.

Both periods alike witnessed the most terrible conflicts of armies, of bloodshed, and of suffering; in both periods was shown the exercise of the highest and most brilliant statesmanship; and in both periods the Federal Legislature was witness to events scarcely less exciting and decisive than occurred on hundreds of battle-fields. The exciting period of secession, the departure of Senators and Representatives from Congress, the proclamation of war, the call for troops, the great uprising of the people of all sections, North and South, against each other, the act of Emancipation, the sanguinary battles of and the close of the war, the return of peace, the assassination of President Lincoln, the election of Grant, the Electoral Commission and seating of Hayes, the election, inauguration and assassination of Garfield, the reconstruction of the disordered and discordant States to their true relation to the Federal Government, the resumption of specie payment, the gradual reduction of the National debt and National taxation, and the wonderful development of the Nation's Resources find in Mr. Cox an impartial historian especially fitted for the great work he has undertaken.

Being himself a prominent actor in nearly all the legislation of this long period, and possessing that personal and absolute knowledge which come from actual participation, the authenticity of his statements will not be questioned.

The book will be printed in royal octavo, containing thirty-six steel engraved portraits of distinguished men North and South who figured in Congress during the past thirty years, and will be completed in one volume of seven hundred pages.

The following account taken from pages 533 and 534 of Mr. Cox's book will be read with a feeling of nearness, and give Mississippians an idea of the fairness and fullness with which the author deals with our State history:

OVERTHROW OF THE MISSISSIPPI RADICALS.

In 1875 the Democrats made a determined effort to regain power. Their convention, which met in Jackson on the 3d of August, and of which Mr. Lamar was the leading and courageous spirit, adopted an extremely liberal platform. The Republican platform was a repetition of the well-known principles of that party. The canvass was attended with much disorder and bloodshed. Governor Ames applied to president Grant for troops to quell the "domestic violence." His application was refused. President Grant telegraphed to the attorney-general that the public was tired of the annual autumnal outbreaks in the South.

Failing to obtain this military aid, Governor Ames undertook to organize a militia to aid the sheriffs in the preservation of peace while the election was pending. This proceeding brought forth an earnest protest from the Democratic State committee, in which the governor was charged with endeavoring to incite a war of races.

The election resulted in an overwhelming Democratic victory. The Democratic candidate for treasurer received 98,596 votes, against 66,155 for the Republican candidate. Of the six members of Congress to which the State was entitled, five Democrats were elected, including Mr. Lamar, in the First district. The state senate stood twenty-six Democrats and eleven Republicans, and in the house of representatives there were ninety-seven Democrats and twenty Republicans, so that on joint ballot in the legislature the Democrats had a majority of ninety-

two. The credit for this result is largely due to the present United States Senator George. There can be little doubt that if military government had prevailed in Mississippi during the election these figures would have been reversed, and this fact is conclusive with many why military rule should have been continued. But to take that position, is to admit that the large negro majority, with the few thousand whites who acted with it was incapable of governing the State; and that the white minority, unaided by the Federal military force and without Federal patronage, could govern it. A State administration which cannot stand alone has no reason of being. It ought to stand aside. Moreover, it is in accordance with the fitness of things that the intelligent taxpayers should have some voice in the control of the State that imposes the taxes.

THE only serious obstacle now in the way of the Prohibitionists seems to be the little brown jug.

THE trick of Peoria distillers in using thick bung staves proved too thin and the gaugers have seen through it.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S 250-dollar-a-year son-in-law, Battenburg, was granted a garter, but nothing was said about suspenders.

At last Saturday's demonstration in Hyde Park, London, in favor of morality the crowd was estimated at sixty thousand.

COL. ED. RICHARDSON is quoted recently as having stated that if he could obtain force enough to pick the cotton he will get 25,000 bales off of 23,000 acres.

LOGAN has not yet decided whether in the preparation of his book he will use the dictionary written by Noah Worcester or the one compiled by Daniel Webster.

HARMONY, with a big H, now hovers over the Democratic party of Mississippi, although the sight of it to Chalmers and the Evening Post is as sickening as buzzard pie.

THE front pillars of the White House have been badly streaked by the dye-stuff washed out of the drapings placed there out of respect to the memory of Gen. Grant, making a coat of paint necessary.

GEN. COIL, of Connecticut, is a candidate for door-keeper of the House of Representatives. The General is wound up for the canvass and will "a tale unfold" to every Congressman that goes to Washington this winter.

ANOTHER clause in the will of Wagner, the composer, has been made public. It stipulates that none of his operas shall be mounted on the French stage. What's America ever done to "Wag" that he should leave her out of this saving clause?

FROM the rapid and reckless manner in which the predatory paragraphs are using the Illinois whisky barrel bung-stave it bids fair to age faster and become a chestnut quicker than the summer apple or the buck-fence cat.

WHILE Sunset Cox is in Turkey complacently smoking his narghileh and swapping fairy tales with the Sultan, the contest over his old seat in New York seems to promise some lively campaigning mixed with considerable fun. State Senator Tim Campbell, a fellow of some humor and indomit cheek is most active in his efforts to fill the vacancy. He is an illiterate man and was brought up among the "B'boys of the Bowery," and yet he has his good points and is by no means a bad man. A few years since while in the Senate at Albany his originality of manner captivated the galleries. He has been an Alderman of the Metropolis of America, has sat on the bench and administered justice, he has been in both branches of the State Legislature and to-day represents a constituency of one hundred thousand inhabitants.

A Republican on Mr. Cleveland.

Burlington, (Iowa) Hawkeye (Rep.).

There is a firmness in Cleveland's character which cannot help to make him friends. He may err in judgment, but he is sure to act according to convictions, and he has the manliness to stand by them. This is a quality always to be admired in any man, and when exercised in the interest of right and the guardianship of public welfare, public commendation should not be withheld. Mr. Cleveland's firm refusal to yield to the cattle-kings to let them continue in undisturbed and wrongful possession of the lands to which they have no rights, shows that no trusts will be sacrificed by him. And no matter how much ideas may differ as to public policy, in all his honest endeavors he will have the cheerful support of all parties.

THE SLUGGING MATCH

BETWEEN SULLIVAN AND McCaffrey.

Six Rounds Fought—Sullivan Doss Not "Paralyzed" McCaffrey, Nor "Reduced to Swelling in His Head"—Sullivan Declared Winner, but Opinion Gives the Battle to McCaffrey.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 29.—The sparring match between John L. Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey, this afternoon, did not attract so great a number of people as had been expected. At four o'clock, when it was thought the match would begin, there were not more than five thousand people at Chester Park. The men were not ill behaved nor did they manifest impatience at the delay in opening the exhibition.

It was 4:30 o'clock when the preliminary boxing began. The platform for the match was set in the middle of the track, between the two stands, and was thirty feet square and five feet from the ground. The inner ring of twenty-four feet square was marked by three ropes around eight posts, which were padded on the inside. The spectators were admitted to a rope within twenty feet of the platform, and besides filled the stands, the fences, and all other available points. An ample police force prevented any breaking of ropes. From 4:30 until 5 o'clock, the time was spent in a number of short boxing contests, that served to keep the attention of the crowd, and to even awaken enthusiasm. When one man was

knocked senseless,

on the ropes, it kept the attention so closely that John L. Sullivan was not observed pushing his way to the platform, and was not recognized till he mounted it, when there was a brief burst of applause. He wore a silk armor over his chest, but his arms were bare and his cream colored tights were encircled with a green sash. He was accompanied by his seconds, Arthur Chambers and Tom Delay, and went to his corner. Ten minutes later, William Muldoon, master of ceremonies, made a

formal call for McCaffrey,

or for some friend to go after him. A cheer was the response and a carriage appeared with the other contestant. McCaffrey was received with wild outbursts of enthusiasm. He seemed to be in perfect physical condition. He was attired the same as Sullivan, except that his flesh colored tights were encircled by a maroon sash. Considerable time was spent in choosing a referee. Conferences between Messrs. Lunt and O'Brien, McCaffrey's seconds, and those of Sullivan were held. Wm. Tate, of Toledo, Ohio, was called for, but he declined. Subsequently he reconsidered and accepted and the men shook hands and the

FIRST ROUND BEGAN

amid almost breathless stillness. McCaffrey made the first lead, but Sullivan stopped him easily, and in the continuous work which followed both succeeded in getting slight blows. McCaffrey ducked to avoid a heavy blow, and as he arose, struck wildly at Sullivan and was pressed to the ropes, where he fell to his knee. Rising they clinched, Sullivan managing to give McCaffrey a light blow as they did so. This was repeated and the round closed.

SECOND ROUND.

There was but a minute's breathing spell. Sullivan opened the fight this time by a blow which McCaffrey artfully evaded. McCaffrey then made a fierce drive at Sullivan, which he dodged gracefully, but McCaffrey gave him a rounding rap on the back of the neck as he recovered, which started a chorus of cheers. Another of the same kind set McCaffrey's admirers wild. A clinch followed, Sullivan getting another blow on McCaffrey. He then pushed McCaffrey to the ropes, where danger seemed imminent, but McCaffrey slipped away and the men went to their corners.

THIRD ROUND.

This was the worst for McCaffrey. He struck out for Sullivan, but to no purpose, and in the quick work that followed McCaffrey slipped down. Sullivan then began to push McCaffrey and the latter took up the tactics of running away, but finally made a strike, which Sullivan eluded. Quick as thought Sullivan closed on McCaffrey and pressed him down. Growing apparently vicious, he drove McCaffrey towards his own corner and pushed him down across the ropes. Here some one called time, and many thought the round had closed, but the referee told the men to go on, and they did so, Sullivan driving McCaffrey over to his own corner, where the latter fell, either by Sullivan's blow or tripping against a chair, and slipped almost off the platform. McCaffrey was more cautious and closed with Sullivan, each delivering short range blows of no force. After McCaffrey was pressed down a second time the time expired.

FOURTH ROUND.

Sullivan opened this round with a blow on McCaffrey's jaw. It looked as if McCaffrey's powers were waning, while Sullivan was apparently fresh. McCaffrey made no ventures, but continually clung to Sullivan. Sullivan managed to reach the side of McCaffrey's nose, and brought a shower of blood. The round ended with another fall by McCaffrey, though not claimed as a knock-down.

FIFTH ROUND.

Both men seemed willing to be careful. They played with each other for a while, when McCaffrey got a light

blow in on Sullivan. Then Sullivan attacked, but McCaffrey ran away and the latter returned the attack, which Sullivan escaped by his usual method of ducking. After ten minutes, with no work, the time expired.

SIXTH ROUND.

Sullivan now seemed desperate, though it was apparent that he was growing weary, while McCaffrey was fresher. Sullivan closed and they gave a number of blows and separated. Sullivan kept pushing his adversary around, and when near the ropes they clinched and both fell. Rising Sullivan closed again, but this time McCaffrey got away without a fall and delivered a light blow on Sullivan, who sent a terrific blow back, but McCaffrey ducked and escaped and the time of the sixth round expired.

Instantly there was a shout all over the vast crowd, which, by this time, seemed to have swelled to seven thousand, in honor of McCaffrey, whom they all supposed

HAD WON THE MATCH.

He had stood up against Sullivan through six rounds and seemed able and willing to go on to a finish. He was overwhelmed with congratulations while Sullivan was left to be cared for by his stage attendants only. As the crowd understood the terms it was a draw, and thus a virtual victory for the young Pittsburgh boxer, but after some time, when three-fourths of the people had started for the trains, and while the remainder were in loud discussion of the merits of the match, Wm. Muldoon made an announcement, which only a few heard, that the referee had decided

TO GIVE THE MATCH TO SULLIVAN on the ground that he had made the greater number of points. This announcement was wholly inaudible at the press seats and various versions of it were circulated, among others that it was given because of a foul.

Sullivan left the platform with no demonstrations in his honor, but McCaffrey's friends were jubilant, notwithstanding the referee's adverse decision.

LAKE PROVIDENCE.

A Former Prominent Reconstruction Politician in the Hands of United States Officers. Special to the Commercial Herald.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, Aug. 28.—A. R. Henderson, formerly a colored justice of the peace and a prominent politician in the days of reconstruction and occupying at present the position of United States collector of pensions for the widows and orphans of deceased colored soldiers, was arrested here to-day by Deputy U. S. Marshal P. R. Weeks, charged with forging the name of a deceased colored widow to pension vouchers as well as the names of the identifying witnesses thereto and causing said vouchers to be presented to the pension agent at Knoxville for payment, and also with forging the names of claimant and witnesses for restoration of a widow to the pension rolls after she had died in the insane asylum some months prior, and she having been interdicted prior to that time. Henderson figured extensively in the pension collection business, and devoted most of his time in soliciting and urging the colored widows to institute prosecution against the government, in all of which he acted as their counsel and attended to preparations of their claims. His headquarters were generally at colored churches on Sundays, where he conducted his schemes by preying upon the credulity of the colored widows. Henderson will be conveyed by Deputy Marshal Weeks to Monroe, La., for examination before U. S. Commissioner Ray.

THROUGH A BRIDGE.

A Passenger Train on the "Little J" Road Falls Through Bayou Pierre Bridge—Three Persons Instantly Killed and Several Wounded. Special to the Commercial Herald.

JACKSON, Miss., Aug. 27.—As to-day's west bound passenger train on the Natchez, Jackson & Columbus Railroad was passing over Big Bayou Pierre bridge, about sixty miles west of this place, the engine broke through carrying all the train with it, except the rear car, which was left unharmed on the track.

The following persons were killed instantly: J. W. Powell, engineer; J. McClutche, fireman and Robt. Barry, brakeman.

Lane, the express agent, is probably fatally wounded and R. W. Campbell, R. H. Truly and James Meng, Sr., seriously. Henry Krucker, of Cincinnati, and several others, whose names could not be learned, were also more or less injured.

This bridge has given the company a great deal of trouble and the accident of to-day is the fourth that has occurred. At every large rain it is damaged more or less, and within the last two years has been carried away several times by the floods.

Coming Home.

MADRID, Aug. 29.—Mr. John W. Foster, United States minister to Spain bade adieu to King Alfonso at the Royal palace to-day. Mr. Foster is about to return to the United States.

An Aged Horse Thief.

INDEPENDENCE, KAN., 29.—John Brooks, aged 83 years, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary in the criminal court on Thursday. Brooks pleaded guilty to stealing a horse in Kansas City, and said he had fallen in with a gang of horse thieves which infested this State, Iowa and Indian Territory, and under their directions did the work. He is a native of Cayuga, New York.